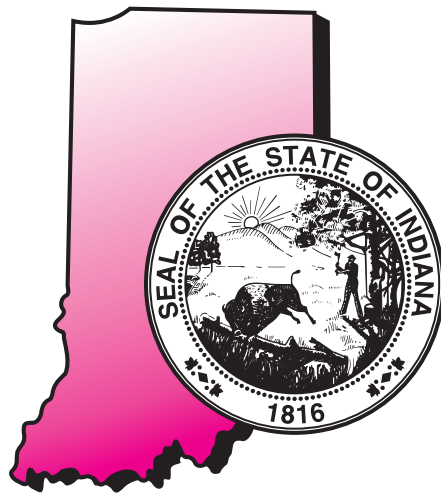


***ISTEP+* Spring 2008**

Indiana Statewide Testing for Educational Progress

Graduation Qualifying Exam Retest Applied Skills Assessment English/Language Arts



Indiana Department of Education

Web Version

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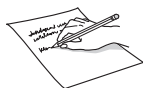
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ISTEP+ Spring 2008

Indiana Statewide Testing for Educational Progress

Graduation Qualifying Exam Retest **Applied Skills Assessment** English/Language Arts

Use only a Number 2 pencil to respond to the questions in this book. Responses written in pen CANNOT be scored.



Whenever you see this icon, you will be doing a writing activity. Your writing will not be scored on your personal opinions or choices, but will be scored objectively on

- how clearly you address the prompt
- how well you organize your ideas
- how effectively you express yourself
- how consistently you use correct paragraphing, grammar, spelling, and punctuation

Be sure to use the rules of Standard English. Standard English is the English commonly used in formal writing. It does not include slang or jargon.

Test 1: English/Language Arts

A Memorable Experience

Read the writing prompt below and complete the writing activity.

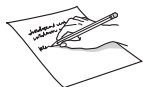
Most of us have had interesting experiences. These experiences often remain fresh in our minds because they have changed us in some way.

Write a narrative composition in which you describe your most memorable experience and tell how this experience changed you. If you wish, you may write about someone you know instead of yourself.

Be sure to include

- a description of a memorable experience
- vivid details about this experience
- how this experience changed you or someone else
- a beginning, a middle, and an end to your narrative composition

Go On 



Use the Pre-Writing/Planning space or additional paper for notes, lists, webs, outlines, or anything else that might help you plan your writing. Then write your narrative composition on the lined pages. Be sure to write neatly. Using the Editing Checklist on page 11, check your writing for correct paragraphing, grammar, spelling, punctuation, and the use of Standard English.

NOTE: Only your writing on the lined pages in this book will be scored.

Pre-Writing/Planning

Go On 

Pre-Writing/Planning

DO NOT WRITE HERE

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

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Test 1

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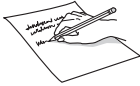
DO NOT WRITE HERE

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

STOP

Page 11

Use only a Number 2 pencil to respond to the questions in this book. Responses written in pen CANNOT be scored.



Whenever you see this icon, you will be doing a writing activity. Your writing will not be scored on your personal opinions or choices, but will be scored objectively on

- how clearly you address the prompt
- how well you organize your ideas
- how effectively you express yourself
- how consistently you use correct paragraphing, grammar, spelling, and punctuation

Be sure to use the rules of Standard English. Standard English is the English commonly used in formal writing. It does not include slang or jargon.

Test 2: English/Language Arts

For Test 2, you will read a story and an article. You will answer questions based on each passage. Then you will write a narrative composition on a related topic.

Have you ever had a job or a chore that you thought you would not like but later found satisfaction in doing it? In “At the Fair,” you will read a story that tells about one student’s experience in a summer job.

Now read “At the Fair” and do Numbers 1 through 6. You may look back at the story as often as you like.



At the Fair

by Leslie Hall



Summer had stretched as far as it could go. I don't know exactly when discontent seeped into my heart like water under a door. Nothing new could happen. I got up and went to work at the diner like I always did.

I washed dishes in the small room behind the kitchen, where steam billowed out whenever you opened the door. I kept the radio turned up loud and the sound of the churning water in the massive dishwasher would keep time with the music. I spent all summer there, scraping and stacking dirty plates, submerging the heavy white columns in water hot enough to burn, tossing hundreds of plastic cups into the sink, racking up clattering trays of gleaming flatware. I remember the staggered surprise I felt on my first day: how could there possibly be so many plates and bowls in the world? How could there be so many people? How could they possibly eat so much soup, so many sandwiches, so much pie?

It was hard work. Over the summer, the muscles of my arms filled out and hardened from the endlessly repetitive lifting and carrying, more demanding than any workout. I didn't miss it when I was away, but I didn't mind it when I was there. I actually liked it. I liked the way the steam came pouring out of the dishwasher when I opened the miniature garage door

to let the trays roll out onto the line. I liked the noise, the clanking and clattering, and the careless splashing. I liked how clean I kept the dishroom: the severe clean smell of disinfectant, the shining aluminum sinks as deep as bathtubs. I wore gloves that came up to my elbows and a waterproof apron that almost reached the floor, and I worked furiously, the mad dishwasher of the diner, from the early morning coffee mugs until after the lunch rush of ketchup-smeared plates.

"Spoons!" a voice would scream in, and I'd rack them up as fast as I could.

Hours could go by; I wouldn't know what time it was, if it was time to eat, how long until I went home. One of the waitresses, Adrienne, a girl who'd just moved here, would usually bring me a plate. She would come in and call my name to let me know that the rush had thinned out, but her voice was so soft I could never hear her over the radio and she would just barely touch my arm to let me know she was there. I'd eat lunch out in the back, sitting on a milk crate, watching the street. Nothing ever happened. The delivery truck pulled up at ten, and I helped unload the boxes of lettuce and onions and tomatoes and peaches and strawberries that were going to be chopped and diced and sliced into soups and salads and sandwiches and pies. Around eleven, children marched

Go On ➞

purposefully down the sidewalk on their way to the city pool. Every day it was hot and sunny and the sky was blue and the sidewalks glared white in the heat. Every day was the same. There was nothing new under the sun.

Same songs on the radio that had been playing all summer, same columns of white plates stacking up to forever, same voices yelling for cups, same whoosh of thick steam fogging the room, my own sauna, same picking up hundreds of trays, same putting down hundreds of transparent towers of amber and red plastic cups.

School starting in a few weeks. Senior year, nothing new could happen there, either. I had my classes, the same classes all of the other seniors were taking, the same classes my friends were taking. My friends, the same friends I'd had since junior high. Just one more year, a year that seemed like an eternity. I'd play football like I always did, keep my job at the diner, working odd hours when I could, save for college, and the year would go by, just like last year, just like the year before.

I wondered if I should get a different job, stop playing football, do something, do anything, anything at all that would shift me off this tedious groove of work-home-school-same-same-same. But I liked my job, liked the rush and torture of football. And school was all right; it was school. I didn't know what could change.

When Adrienne brought me lunch, she told me about the fair. We sat behind the diner in the sun and she told me about it.

Her voice was bright with pleasure—the roller coaster and the fun house, the lambs and the pigs, the bumper cars! The popcorn! Just listening to her talk about the fair was enough to make you smell the salty popcorn air and see all of the red-striped booths. I hadn't been since I was little, when I still loved the pink sticky clouds of cotton candy, so sweet your teeth ached from looking at it, when I would spend dollars and hours trying to toss dimes into the spinning dishes floating deceptively near. Adrienne said she was going again. It would be the last night. She got up to go back to work.

"I'll meet you," I said, before I could think. I said it before I knew what I was saying. Before I could regret it, she gave me a big smile, a smile bright enough to stave off a moment of discontent.

I parked in the dirt lot on the side of the hill across the field from the fair and hiked over with a crowd who had done the same: parents with little kids, guys I knew from school, groups of girls. The bright lights glowed welcome against the inky sky. There was music and laughter and the high-pitched voices of children yelling happily, sticky hands outstretched for more cotton candy, for more dimes to toss, for more lambs to pet, for more tickets to the roller coaster or to the big giant inflatable slide or to the carousel. And she was waiting for me by the ticket booth, with the same beautiful smile I had seen earlier, motioning impatiently at me to hurry so we wouldn't miss a thing.

1 Why does the author tell the story from the narrator's point of view?

- ☐ to teach a lesson that only the narrator understands
- ☐ to better explain the narrator's boredom with his job as a dishwasher
- ☐ to provide insight into what the narrator thinks about his life and his job
- ☐ to allow the reader to form his or her own opinion about the narrator's actions

2 What is the narrator's MAIN problem at the beginning of the story?

How does he solve his problem by the end of the story?

Go On 

3 Which of these BEST describes the mood of the narrator in the first two paragraphs of the story?

- ☐ tired and irritable
- ☐ dedicated and patient
- ☐ excited and dissatisfied
- ☐ hardworking and bored

4 Read this paragraph from the story.

“I’ll meet you,” I said, before I could think. I said it before I knew what I was saying. Before I could regret it, she gave me a big smile, a smile bright enough to stave off a moment of discontent.

What does this paragraph reveal about the narrator?

- ☐ He is quite confident.
- ☐ He is usually bored.
- ☐ He is used to dating.
- ☐ He is shy around girls.

Go On 

- 5 The narrator makes several comments that hint at the outcome of the story. Give ONE example of a statement that suggests the outcome of the story. Then explain how this example helps the reader predict the outcome of the story.

Statement that hints at the outcome	How it helps the reader predict the outcome of the story

- 6 Read this sentence from the story's opening paragraph.

I don't know exactly when discontent seeped into my heart like water under a door.

What figure of speech is being used in this sentence?

- ☐ simile, because the narrator makes a comparison of unlike things
- ☐ irony, because the narrator means the opposite of what he says
- ☐ oxymoron, because the narrator combines contradictory words
- ☐ hyperbole, because the narrator exaggerates the importance of something

Go On 

English/Language Arts

Do you think computers will ever replace the need for books? Eric Larson examines this question in an article titled “Throwing the Book at Progress.” After you read the article, you will answer some questions. Then you will write a narrative composition on a related topic.

Now read “Throwing the Book at Progress” and do Numbers 7 through 13. You may look back at the article as often as you like.

Go On 

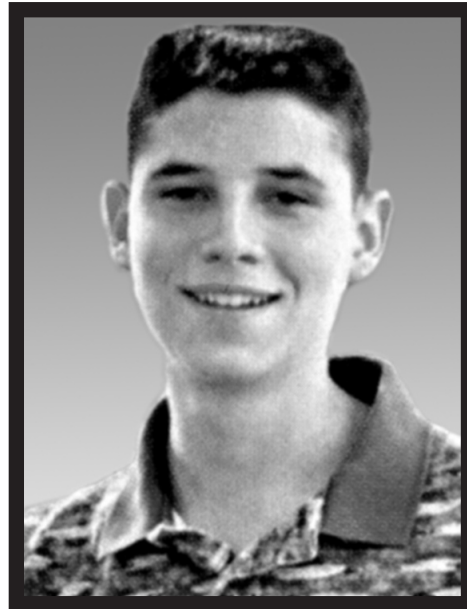
Page 19

Throwing the Book at Progress

by Eric Larson

SANTA FE, TEXAS—Books are becoming extinct. I realized it slowly. It's not that I was oblivious to television, computers, CDs, movies, or any of the 20th century's other artifacts of "progress" that have cut into books' domain as society's forum for information and entertainment. I just always believed that as long as books remained safe within the citadels¹ where they were valued most—schools—they would never perish, like dinosaurs marching into oblivion. But that's where the threat is. Books haven't suddenly lost their merit, yet they are losing their place in schools. In terms of progress, they're the enemy.

When I returned to my high school from summer vacation one year, I found an intruding armada of computers had replaced a venerable² bookcase of reference materials. These machines were to provide encyclopedias on CD-ROM and access to the world's trash heap, the Internet. That was my first indication that books were on the endangered list. Even though the printing press



was the better invention, our culture values Gates over Gutenberg.

True, computers belong in schools, but in technology courses and not the library. You can learn to use a spreadsheet or program a language without surrendering libraries to computer labs. Besides, computers could prove more expensive than books. Along with the initial cost, there's also the need to purchase new equipment and software to keep current. A 40-year-old book is still valuable to a library,

¹**citadels:** fortresses

²**venerable:** worthy of respect

Go On →

while a three-year-old computer is not. Combine that with the fact that no student is particularly careful with school materials, and you have the cost of repairing and maintaining computers.

But the highest price is the sacrifice of reliability. When was the last time your set of encyclopedias caught a virus, or forgot what year it was, or was hacked into by a devious senior seeking high school infamy? And if the library classics are transferred into digital format as e-books, a massive crash could delete *Moby Dick*. With books, there's no machine to fail. I've never had to call tech support to operate a novel. No method of preserving and transporting information can rival the reliability, accessibility, and

maneuverability of printed text. If you want to prove me wrong, let me know when the perfect computer is built.

The computer is valuable, but it can also be a mechanical tumor, like other advances. Cars have eroded our ability to walk, resulting in obesity. Television has outgrown its capacity to entertain, causing boredom. The book is a last primitive comfort. You can analyze what is written without being battered by sound and motion.

I know we won't wake up tomorrow to find every book transformed into a computer, but we are on such a path. I hope that 20 years from now I will still be able to find a library with a worn tome³ rather than a cold machine.

³tome: book

7 Which of these BEST describes the author's position on the role of computers in schools?

- ☐ Computers belong in schools, but only in the library.
- ☐ Computers and the Internet will eventually replace schools.
- ☐ Computers are valuable tools, but not for every purpose.
- ☐ Computers are not best for students because they obstruct learning.

Go On 

8

According to Eric Larson, what are THREE different drawbacks to using computers instead of books?

- 1) _____

- 2) _____

- 3) _____

Go On 

9 Which of these sentences from the article uses sarcasm to describe the author's main position?

- ☐ "Books haven't suddenly lost their merit, yet they are losing their place in schools."
- ☐ "With books, there's no machine to fail."
- ☐ "I've never had to call tech support to operate a novel."
- ☐ "The book is a last primitive comfort."

10 On the lines below, provide TWO different reasons that "Throwing the Book at Progress" is an effective title.

1) _____

2) _____

11

According to opinions expressed in the article, what would MOST LIKELY be Eric Larson's view on a proposal to build a new highway through a historic park?

- ☐ opposed, because building new highways is an unnecessary waste of tax dollars
- ☐ opposed, because preserving history is more important than increasing driving speed
- ☐ in favor, because losing part of the park would be a small price to pay in the interest of progress
- ☐ in favor, because government leaders proposing the highway have the best interests of the public at heart

12

Which of these statements BEST describes the author's opinion regarding the most important advantage of books over computers?

- ☐ Some people do not have ready access to computers.
- ☐ Some historical information can only be found in books.
- ☐ Books offer a greater variety of information than the Internet.
- ☐ Books are a more reliable way than the Internet to store and retrieve information.

Go On 

13



It is the year 2100, and computers have replaced books entirely. What is it like to live and go to school in a world without books?

Write a narrative composition about a day in the life of a high school student in the computerized twenty-second century. In your narrative composition, include a main character and write about what happens to this character throughout the course of his or her day. **In your narrative composition, be sure to include at least TWO specific details from “Throwing the Book at Progress” to help you show what this character’s day is like.**

You may use the space below to plan your writing. Using the Editing Checklist on page 27, check your writing for correct paragraphing, grammar, spelling, punctuation, and the use of Standard English. **Remember, your narrative composition should be well organized and have a beginning, a middle, and an end.**

NOTE: Only your writing on the lined pages in this book will be scored.

Pre-Writing/Planning

Go On

Narrative Composition

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Editing Checklist

- 1 Check your capitalization and punctuation.
- 2 Spell all words correctly.
- 3 Check for sentence fragments or run-on sentences.
- 4 Keep verb tense consistent.
- 5 Make sure subject and verb agree.
- 6 Use words according to the rules of Standard English.
- 7 Remember to paragraph correctly.



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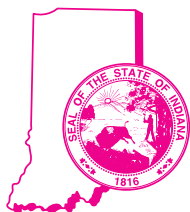
STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!



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